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THIRD EDITION.

ORAIN
AGUS FUINN GHAIDHEALACH.

POPULAR
GAELIC MELODIES,

WITH

GAELIC AND ENGLISH WORDS.

(SOL-FA NOTATION).

PART I.

ALTERED AND MUCH IMPROVED.

EDITED by W. S. RODDIE and L. MACBEAN.

INVERNESS, ABERDEEN, and ELGIN:
LOGAN & COMPANY.
EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW: W. LOVE, Argyle Street.

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"And the songs of the Gael, on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God;
Let them float round my grave when I sleep 'neath the sod!"

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I love the Highlands (Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd).
Oh Happy may I see Thee (Gu ma slan a chi mi).
Farewell to Fiunary (Fionn Airidh).
The Praise of Islay (Moladh na Lanndaidh).
We will take the High Way (Gabhaid sinn an rathad mhor).
My Nut-Brown Maiden (Ho ro mo Nighean donn Bhoidheach).
The Boatman (Fear a Bhata).
My Faithful Fair One (Mo run geal dileas).
The Maiden of Mull (Maighdeann Mhuill).
Fair Young Mary (Mairi Bhan Og).
The Melody of Love (Ealaidh Ghaoil).
The Heather Isle (Eilean an Fraoich).
I'll sorrow no more for Thee (Cha bhi mi ga d' Chaoidh).
Lovely Mary (Mairi Laghach).
Alas! for me (Och mar tha mi).
The Highland Maid (An Ribhinn donn).
The Dark-Haired Youth (An Gille dubh ciar-dhubh).

MELODIES IN SOL-FA AND OLD NOTATION.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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POPULAR GAELIC MELODIES

With GAELIC AND ENGLISH WORDS.

AN GILLIE DUBH, CIAR-DHUBH.

THE DARK-HAIRED YOUTH.

Key B flat. *Tenderly.* Gaelic words very old. Translation by PATTISON.

: s$_1$	m	: - .r	: d	d	: d	: m$_1$	s$_1$	: s$_1$	: l$_1$	l$_1$	: - .s$_1$
Cha	dìr	- ich	mi	brut - hach,		'S cha	siu	- bhail	mi	mòin	- teach,
Once	o'er	the	moor	wend - ing,		Or	round	the	hill	bend	- ing,
:(s$_1$)	m	: - .r	: d	d	: d	: m	s$_1$	: s$_1$	: l$_1$	l$_1$	: - .s$_1$
	Dh'fhalbh	mo	ghuth	cinn		'S cha	she	- inn	mi	or	- an,
Gay	words	and	notes	blending,		Spread	far	my	good	cheer,	
: s$_1$	s$_1$	: - .m	: s$_1$	d	: t$_1$	: l$_1$	s$_1$	: d	: r	m	: - .r
Cha	chai	- dil	mi	uair,		Bho	Luain		gu	Domh	- nach,
For	then	my	heart	leap	- ing.	In	wak	- ing,	in	sleep	- ing,
							Rall.				
: r	d	: l$_1$	: d	s$_1$	: m$_1$	: m$_1$	m$_1$	: m$_1$	: r$_1$	d$_1$	: —
'S an	gill	- e,	dubh,	ciar	- dhubh,	A'	tighinn		fo m'	ùidh,	
No	dubh,	ciar	- dhubh,*	keep	- ing	Its	joys		from	here,	
: s$_1$	d	: - .r	: m .f	s	: s	: s$_1$	m	: m	: r	d	: —
'S an	gill	- e,	dubh,	ciar	- dhubh,	A'	tighinn		fo m'	ùaidh.	
No	dubh	ciar	- dhubh,	keep	- ing	Its	joys		from	here.	

Is truagh nach robh mise,
'S an gille dubh, ciar dhubh,
An aodann na beinne,
Fo shileadh nan siantan.
An lagan beag fàsaich,
No'n ait eigin diomhair;
'Scha ghabh mi fear liath,
'Se tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Mo ghille dubh, bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu,
Dheanainn do phòsadh,
Gun deòin do mo chàirdean.
Shiubhlainn leat fada,
Feadh lagan a's fàsach;
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath,
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Is luaineach mo chadal,
Bho mhadainn Di-ciadain,
Is bruaileanach m' aigne
Mur furtaich thu, chiall, orm.
'S mi'n raoir dir dhroch leaba,
Cha'n 'fhad gus an liath mi;
'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh,
A' tighinn fo m' ùidh.

And now that together,
dubh, ciar-dubh, dubh, ciar-dhubh,
We faced the rude weather,
On hills bleak and blue.
Some peaceful spot near me,
I'd choose, and there cheer me;
No grey-beard to fear me,
And thou in my view.

My bonny dubh, ciar-dhubh,
Let sharp tongues assail thee,
One heart will not fail thee,
That knows to be true.
Dubh, ciar-dhubh, dubh, ciar-dhubh,
Tho' poor, poor thou be,
No rich old man can please me,
Like thee, love, like thee.

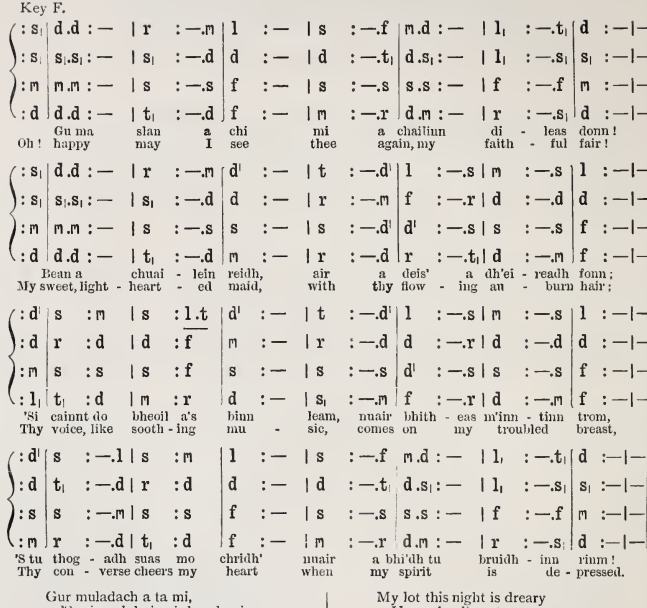
In sadness oft sleeping,
I wake up half weeping,
Such wild dreams come creeping
Over me, dear.
I've heard the old folks say,
That grief makes the hair grey;
Then gillie dubh! this love may
Make mine so, I fear.

* Doo, keear Doo.

GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.

OH! HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.

Key F.



Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air aird a chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
As t'aogais tha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidicheam le eibhneas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'thag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uar,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
Gu 'n do chuir ni cul riut,
'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
A ruin 'na creid an sgleo
Tha d'anail leam ni's curaidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

My lot this night is dreary
Upon the distant sea,
And comfortless my slumber,
While far away from thee.
Though far from thee I wander,
My heart and thoughts are thine;
And few shall be my years
If without thee I must pine.

Thy cheeks are like the berries
Upon the rowan bough,
Thy sweet glad eyes mild beaming,
Beneath thy peaceful brow;
Th' affection I have borne thee
I do not wish to hide;
Each day has seemed a year
Since I had to leave thy side.

Heed not the tale they told thee,
Who would my maid distress,
That I had thee forsaken,
And hated thy caress;
Let not the story grieve thee,
My love, it is not true;
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
To me than morning dew.

Gaelic words by Hector Mackenzie, Ullapool; translation by L. Macbean.

GHRUAGACH DHONN.

BROWN-HAIRED NYMPH.

Key B. flat. *With spirit.*

: l, .,l,	d .,d : s, .m,	s,	: d .,t,	l, .,l, : d .,r	m
Ghruagach	dhonn a bhroilich	bhain,	Chum a	chodhail rium Di -	mairt,
Love - ly	nymph with face so	fair,	Bo - som	white, and wav - ing	hair,

: s .,m	r .,d : r .,m	s,	: l, .,d	m .,d : r .d	l,
Ghruagach	dhonn a bhroilich	bhain,	Gu ma	slan a chi mi	thu.
Brown-haired	nymph so kind and	fair,	Joy for -	c'er I pray for	thee.

Ghruagach dhonn gun gho, gun fhoill,
Chum a choinneamh rium an raoir,
Bha mi comhradh riut 's a choill',
Sinn an caoimhneas diomhaireach.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Rinn mi coinneamh ruit gle og,
Ann an coille dhluth nan cno,
Bhithinn 'g eisdeachd ri do cheol,
'S bha do phog mar fhigis leam.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Gu'n robh ise fallain, slan,
Chum a chodhail rium Di-mairt,
Iarguin m' aigne 's m' airsneul phramh,
'S mo chion-graidh da-rireadh thu.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Brown-haired nymph so kind and free,
Yestereve I roamed with thee
Through the bonnie woods, where we
Used to be so gay, my dear.
Lovely nymph, &c.

Young were we when first we strayed
Through the pleasant wooded glade,
Where, beneath the hazel shade,
My dear maid so gaily sang.
Lovely nymph, &c.

Sweet as music in my ear
Was thy voice so low and clear,
Brown-haired maid I loved thee dear,
And my tears betray my love.
Lovely nymph, &c.

Gaelic words old; translation by H. W. and L. M.

FIONN-AIRIDH.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

Key A. *Spiritedly.*

(.s,) : d .,d	s .,s : f .,m	r .,(r) : m .,l,	l, .,t, : l, .,s,	s, .
Seisd.—Eirich	a - gus tiugainn,	O! Eir - ich	a - gus tiugainn,	O!
Chorus.—Ayreech	a - ghus chookeeng,	O! Ayreech	a - ghus chookeeng,	O!
Tha 'n la - tha	math 's an soirbheas	ciuin; Tha 'n uine	ruith 's an t-am dhuinn	dluth;
The wind is	fair, the day is	fine, And swiftly,	swiftly, runs the	time,

D. C.

(.s,): l, .,l,	d .,d : r .,m	ŝ .s : l .s	s .,m : r .d	d .
Eirich	a - gus tiugainn,	O! Mo shoraidh	slan le Fionn - air -	idh.
Ayreech	a - ghus chookeeng,	O! Farewell, Fare -	well to Fiun - ar -	y.
Tha 'm ba - ta	feithcamh fo a	siuil Gu 'm thoirt a	null o Fhionn - air -	idh.
The boat is	floating on the	tide, That wafts me	off from Fiun - ar -	y.

Tha iomadh mile ceangal blath
Mar shaighdean annam fein an sas;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgainnt'
A chionn bhi fagail Fhionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgriob leam fein
Mu'n cuairt air luchairt Fhinn, an treun,
'S a dh' eisd mi sgeulachdan na Feinn'
'G an cur an ceill am Fionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

'S bu tric a sheall mi, feasgar Mairt,
Far am biodh Oisein seinn a dhan,
A' coimhead grein' aig iomadh trath,
Dol seach gach la 's mi 'm Fionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

A thousand, thousand tender ties,
Awake, this day, my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.
Ayreech aghus, &c.

With pensive steps I've often strolled
Where Fingal's Castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Fiunary.
Ayreech aghus, &c.

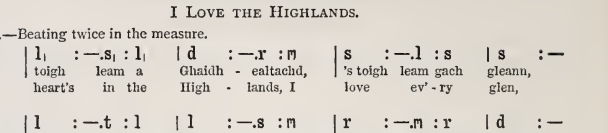
I've oftened paused at close of day,
Where Ossian sang his martial lay:
And viewed the sun's departing ray
Wand'ring o'er Dun-Fiunary.
Ayreech aghus, &c.

English words by Dr Norman M'Leod (Caraid nan Gaidheal); translated by the late Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow.

IS TOIGH LEAM A GHAIDHEALTACHD.

I Love the Highlands.

Key F.—Beating twice in the measure.



Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's am bann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an eideadh an tir,
Ach 's suaiach an deise seach seasmhachd an cridh'.

A brave Highland boy, when light-footed he goes,
With plaid, and with kilt, dirk, sporan, and hose;
O, who will compare with my Highlander then,
When he comes fresh and fair like a breeze from the ben!

Sheas iad an duthaich 's gach cuis agus cas,
Duais-bhraithaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirte iad gu bas;
'S ged sharraicht' an spiorad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

When foemen were banded to spoil and annoy,
Who then fronted death like my brave Highland boy?
For his cause and his country, in battle's rude shock,
When kingdoms were reeling, he stood like a rock.

Is toigh leam na h-igh'nagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am
Nach bithinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair gheobhainn bhi ann,
'S na 'm faighinn-se te dhiubh a duthaich mo chridh',
Gu'n siubhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tir.

And the dear Highland lasses, bad luck to the day,
When I look in their faces and wish them away;
I'll cross the wide seas to their far coral isles,
With Mary to brighten the road with her smiles.

Is toigh leam a Ghaidhlig, a bardachd 's a ceol,
Is tric thog i nios sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leon,
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn tra' ann an laithean ar n-oig,
'S nach fag sinn gu brath gus an laidh sinn fo'n fhoid.

And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

Nis tha duthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fheidh,
Sinn ga'r fuadach thar saile mar bharrlach gun fheum;
Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's co sheasas an stoirm?
O, co ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

But now with mere sheep they have peopled the brae,
And flung the brave clansmen like rubbish away;
But should foes we have vanquished the struggle renew,
They'll sigh for the boys with the bonnets of blue!

Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithean ga sgaoileadh thar chuan,
A's fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn,
Bi'dh cuimhne gu dilinn air euchdan nan sonn.

Where the East and the West by broad billows are bounded,
The Gael shall be known and his fame shall be sounded;
While thrones shall have honour, and right shall prevail,
Loud ages shall echo the praise of the Gael.

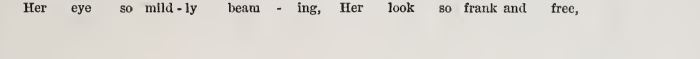
Written by John Campbell, Ledaig; translation by Professor Blackie.

HO RO, MO NIGHEANN DONN BHOIDHEACH.

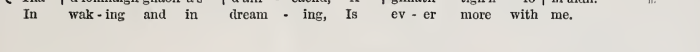
My Nut-Brown Maiden.

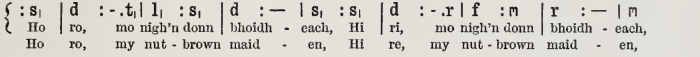
Translated expressly for the Publishers by Professor Blackie.

Key A.



Chorus.





Cha cheil mi air ant saoghal,
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort,
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondrath,
Cha chaochail mo run.
Ho, ro, &c.

N-uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,
A's aille do ghnuis.
Ho, ro. &c.

Gnuis 'aoidheil bhanail mhalda,
Na h-oigh is caoimhe nadur,
I suairce, ceanail, caigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.
Ho, ro, &c.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh
Far bheil mo robhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh
An gleann fad 'o shuil.
Ho, ro, &c.

Ach'n uair a thig an samhradh,
Bheir mise sgrib do 'n gleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi lean do'n ghalldachd
Gu h-annsail, am flur.
Ho, ro, &c.

Oh, Mary, mild eyed Mary,
By land or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho, ro, &c.

With thy fair face before me,
How sweetly flew the hour,
When all thy beauty o'er me,
Came streaming in its power.
Ho, ro, &c.

The face with kindness glowing,
The face that hides no guile,
The light grace of thy going,
The witchcraft of thy smile.
Ho, ro, &c.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen,
Where blooms my Highland Mary,
Like wild rose 'neath the glen.
Ho, ro, &c.

And when with blossoms laden,
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonny glen.
Ho, ro, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.

THE CUCKOO OF THE GROVE.

Key E Flat. *With expression.*

:r	r :d	:r	f :—	:f .f	m :r	:m	l :—
A	chuachag	nan	craobh,	nach	truagh leat	mo	chaoidh,
Small	bird on	the	tree,	hast thou	pit - y	for	me,
:l	l :s	:f	s :—	:f	m :—	:—	l :—
Ag	os - naich	ri	oidh -	che	cheò	-	thar?
Out	through this	mild	mis -	ty	gloam	-	ing?
:(r)	r :d	:r	f :—	:f .f	m :r	:m	l :—
	Shiubhlainn	le	m' ghaol,	fo	dhubhar	nan	craobh,
	Would I	were	now	'neath the	dusk of	the	bough,
:l	s :f	:r	d :—	:d	r :—	:—	r :—
Gun	duin' air	an	t-saogh -	al	fheor	-	ach,
A -	lone with	my	true	love	roam	-	ing,
:r'	r' :d'	:l	d' :—	:l	l :s	:f	s :—
I'd	Thogainn	ri	gaoith	am	mo - nadh	an	fhraoich,
	raise up	a	bield,	her	fair form	to	shield,
:s	l :r	:m	r :—	:r	d :—	:—	l :—
Mo	lea - baidh	ri	faobh		dor	-	ainn,
From	chill, moor -	y	tem -	pests	blow	-	ing,
:l	r :d	:r	f :—	:f .f	m :r	:m	l :—
Do	chru - tha	geal	caomh	bhi	sin - te	ri' m'	thaobh,
And	rest by	her	side,	in my	fond- ness	and	pride,
:l	s :f	:r	d : d	:d	r :—	:—	r :—
A's	mi - se	ga d'	chaoin		phog	-	adh.
And	kiss her	young	lips	sweet and	glow	-	ing.

Chunna mi fein aisling, 's cha bhreug,
Dh' fhag sin mo chre bronach,
Fear mar ri te, a pogadh a beil,
A briodal an deigh posaidh.
Dh' uraich mo mhiann, dh' ath'raich mo chiall,
Ghuil mi gu dian, doimeach,
Gach cuisle a's feith, o iochdar mo chleibh,
Thug iad gu leum co'ladh !

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
Dh' aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do m' chom,
Dhiuchadh air lom m' eibhneas.
Thiginn ad dhail, chuirinn ort failt',
Bhithinn, a ghraidh, reidh riut ;
M' ulaidh 's mo mhiann, m' aighear 's mo chiall,
'S ainnir air fiamh grein' thu.

'S cam-lubach d'fhalt, fanna-bhuidh' nan cleachd,
'S fabhradh nan rosg aluinn ;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh.
Gus an cuir iad mi steach an caol-thigh non leac,
Bidh mi fo neart craidh dheth,
Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shugradh ma seach,
Fo dhuilleach nam preas blath'or.

I slept late and dreamed, but 'twas no lie that gleamed
On my mind—oh ! so sad and despairing,
Where a husband I spied with his beautiful bride,
Affection's pure transports sharing.
How my old love returned and cold reason it spurned,
Till I moaned and wept, wildly crying ;
Every pulse, every vein, boiling—bounding amain,
With the blood from my heart quickly flying !

Yes,— I'm pledged to her still in spite of my will ;
Alas and I'm wounded badly,
But a look's all I lack of her face, to bring back
The health I have lost so sadly.
Then I'd rise without fail, and her would I hail
Light with joy, and not thus sorrow laden ;
She's my own tender dove—my light and my love,
The sun over every maiden !

The curl of her hair was so graceful and fair ;
Its lid for her eye a sweet warden ;
Her cheek it was bright and her breast purest white
And her breath like the breeze o'er a garden.
Till they lay down my head in its stone guarded bed
The force of these charms I feel daily,
While I think of the mirth in the woods that had birth ;
When she laughed and sported gaily.

Words by W. Ross ; translation by Pattison.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

My Old Wife.

Key A.

Chorus.

:m₁	l₁	:—	:l₁	| d	:—	:r	| m	:—	:m	| m	:r
O	hi,		O	ha,		gur	| cruaidh		a	chailleach,	
O	hee,		O	ha,		gur	| crooaee		a	chalyach,	

:d	t₁	:—	:l₁	| s₁	:—	:s₁	| t₁	:—	:d	| r	:t₁
O	hi,		O	ha,		gur	| fuar		a	challeach,	
O	hee,		O	ha,		gur	| fooar		a	chalyach,	

:s₁	l₁	:—	:l₁	| d	:—	:r	| m	:—	:m	| l .l	:—
Ho	re,		ho	ra,		's i	| ghrain		a	chailleach,	
Ho	ray,		ho	rah,		shee	| ghraan		a	chalyach,	

Fine.

:l	s	:f	:m	| r	:d	:t₁	| l₁	:—	:—	| l₁	:— ‖
Dh' fhag	mi -	se	'nam	am -	ad -	an	| go	-		rach.	
Ghak	mee -	shu	nam	am -	at -	an	| go			rach.	

Song.

:m	l	:l	:l	| m	:—	:m	| l	:—	:l	| s	:f
Ma	theid	mi	gu	feill,		gu	| feisd,		no	ban -	ais,
If	I	go	to	feast,		or	| fair,		or	din -	ner,

:m	r	:t₁	:l₁	| s₁	:—	:s₁	| t₁	:t₁	:d	| r	:t₁
Bi'dh	i -	se	lan	eud,		s i	| fein		aig	bail -	e,
She	grumbles		at	home,		the	| sour		old	sin -	ner,

:s₁	l₁	:l₁	:l₁	| d	:—	:r	| m	:m	:m	| l	:l
'S ma	bheir	mi	le	sug	-	radh	| suil		air	caileag,	
I	nev -	er	must	rouse		the	| jeal - ous		- y	in her,	

D. C. for Chorus.

:l	s	:f	:m	| r	:d	:t₁	| l₁	:—	:—	| l₁	:— ‖
Gur	diumb		is	fal -	achd	sid	| dhomh		-	sa.	
Or	scold -	ing	and	din	are	be -	| fore			me.	

Mar ceannaich mi *ti* cha'n fhiach mi m' fharaid
A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a gearan ;
Cha dean i rium sith, ach stri is carraid,
'S ri caran teallaich an comhnuidh.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Cha'n airgead, cha'n or, cha stor, cha trusgan,
Chur mise air a toir ri moran cuirteis—
Ach dalladh fo sgleo le seorsa buidseachd—
'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seonaid.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Gun fhiacaill 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peirceal,
Nuair thogadh i greann an am an fheasgair
Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, is seisreach,
Aig miad an eagail romh' groigeis !
O hi, o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach.

She sits by the fire beside the kitten,
With ague and aches her bones are smitten,
Unless she gets tea I'm not worth a button,
The dribbling old glutton gets stormy.
O hee, o ha, &c.

It was not her gear that drew me to her,
As well you might learn from all who knew her,
Nor was it her charms (they could not be fewer)
That brought me a wooer to Shonatch.
O hee, o ha, &c.

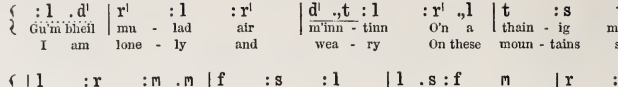
Her long toothless jaws are brown and crooked,
Her squint eyes are dazed, her nose is hookèd,
The children and girls she happens to look at
Get frightened and "hook it" before her.
O hee, o ha, gur crooaee a chalyach,
O hee, o ha, gur fooar a chalyach,
Ho ray, ho rah, shee ghraan a chalyach
Ghak meeshu nam amatan gorach.

Gaelic words by Ailean Dall ; English by L. Macbean.

DUANAG A CHIOBAIR.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAY.

Key D. *Moderato.*



SECOND TUNE.

Key A.

Mur biodh ach astar aon oidhche,
Eadar mise 's a' mhaighdean,
'S tric rachainn 'g a foighneachd le deoin.
'S tric rachainn 'ga foighneachd, &c.

Ach tha 'n t-astar cho fada,
'S nach faod mi dol dachaidh
Eagal cach 'bhi 'g am fhaicinn 's an rod.
Eagal cach bhi 'g am fhaicinn, &c.

Ni mi 'n litir so 'dhunadh,
'S a cur 'n a drip ann ad ionnsaidh,
'S bi'dh tu fiosrach nach muth mi mo mhoig.
'S bidh tu fiosrach nach muth, &c.

'S ged a bheir mi seachd bliadhna,
A' siubhal nan crioch so
Te eile cha 'n iarr mi 's tu beo.

Our parting so tender
I'll ever remember,
May Heaven defend her for aye.
May Heaven defend, &c.

O'er mountains so dreary,
Tho' heart-sick and weary,
I'd travel to see thee, my maid.
I'd travel, &c.

But a moment to see thee
Would not comfort but grieve me—
To think I must leave thee again.
To think I must leave, &c.

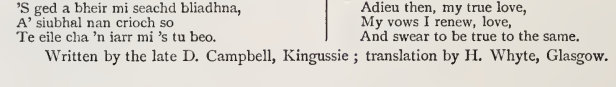
Adieu then, my true love,
My vows I renew, love,
And swear to be true to the same.

Written by the late D. Campbell, Kingussie; translation by H. Whyte, Glasgow.

MO NIGHEAN DUBH.

MY BLACK-HAIRED MAID.

Key F. *With feeling.*



Suil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala,
Bho'n tig an sealladh eibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 's an earrach,
'S mar dhruchd meala Cheitein.
Mo nighean, &c.

Tha falt dubh, dualach, trom, neo-luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguaib air m' euchdag;
Gur boidheach e mu d' chluasaibh
Is cha mheas' an cuailein breid e.
Mo nighean, &c.

Is olc a rinn do chairdean orm,
Is rinn iad pairt ort fein deth,
Nuair chuir iad as an duthaich thu
'S mi 'n duil gun deanainn feum duit.
Mo nighean, &c.

Thy large blue eyes so mild and bright,
Beneath their lashes beaming,
Like luscious dew-drops, when the light
Of morn is o'er them streaming.
My black-haired, &c.

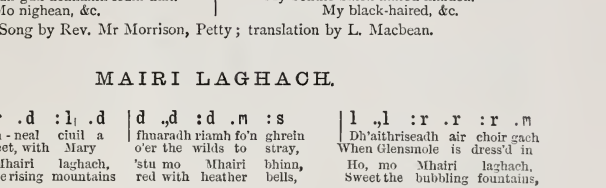
Thy glossy tresses from their snood
In waving folds unbraided,
Thou could'st not have a richer hood,
Or be more neatly shaded.
My black-haired, &c.

'Tis for the love I bear to thee—
A love with sorrow laden—
That thou art banished far from me.
My bonnie black-haired maiden.
My black-haired, &c.

Song by Rev. Mr Morrison, Petty; translation by L. Macbean.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

Key E flat.



Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Lan de shonas graidh;
Uchd is gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh;
Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a chairn;
Muineal mar an fhaoilinn
Fo 'n aodainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chailc-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
D' anail mar an caineal;
Beul bho'm banail failt;
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris,
Min-raisg, chinnealt, thla;
Mala chaol gun ghruaimean,
Gnuis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air ailleas righrean mor;
B' iad ar leabaidh stata
Duilleach 's bar an fheoir;
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toirt dhuinn cail a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

There to fix my gaze,
In raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth
Of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom, purer
Than the silver tide,
Fairer than the *cana*
On the mountain side.
Sweet the rising, &c.

What were all the sounds
Contrived by tuneful men,
To the warbling wild notes
Of the sylvan glen?
Here the merry lark
Ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow mavis
And the blackbird sing.
Sweet the rising, &c.

What were all the splendours
Of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures
Of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring
Fresh vigour we inhale,
Rosy health doth court us
On the mountain gale.
Sweet the rising, &c.

Words by John Macdonald, Lochbroom; translation by D. Macpherson, London.

BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINN-BRAON.

THE BRAES OF GLEN BRAON.

This song is sung differently in different parts of the country. We give two versions— the first as it is sung in the West of Ross-shire, the second as it is sung in Argyleshire.

Key G. *Slowly.*

: r .m	f : m	: r .d	l, : d	: r .m	f : s	: f .m	r : m .s
Chaidh	m' as - tar	a	mail - lead,	O nach	faic mi	mo	lean - nan,
I am	joy - less	and	wear - y,	Since I	see not	my	dear - ie,
Seisd.—Beir mo sho - raidh		le	du - rachd,	Do	ribh - inn	nan	dlu - chiabh,
Chorus.—To the maid who		pos -	ses - es	The blue	eyes and	dark	tress - es,

D. C. for Chorus.

: s .s	l : l	: r .d	l, : d	: r .m	l : s	: m .,r	r : —
'S ann a	chleachd mi	bhi	mar	riut,	Ann an	gleann - an	a	chaoil.
Tho' I	used to	be	near	thee	In the	glen of	the	bay.
Ris an	tric bha	mi	sug -	radh,	Ann am	Bruth'chean	Ghlinn -	Braon.
Bear my	lov - ing	car -	ess -	es,	To the	braes of	Glen -	Braon.

SECOND TUNE.

Key C.

: m .f	s : s	: d'	l : s	l .d'	r' : r'	: m'	r' : d'

D. C. for Chorus.

: r' .m'	s : m	: r .m	s : d'	: r' .,r'	m' .,r' : d'	: l	s : —

Anns a choill' am bi smudan
'S e gu binn a seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A cur na smuid diu le faoilt'.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus cach ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's bu deonach leinn pilleadh,
Gu Innis-nan-laogh.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
Is mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a mullach nan craobh.

In the woods where the ring-dove
And the mavies sweetly sing, love,
And the larks on the wing give
Their first greeting to day.

There have we two been playing,
On the green banks delaying,
Till we came from our straying,
Back to Innis-nan-laogh.

When we listened to the chorus
Of the warblers singing o'er us,
As we climbed up the corries,
Which are now far away.

Gaelic words by William Ross ; translation by L. Macbean.

BUAIN NA RAINICH.

CUTTING FERNS.

Key D. *Tenderly.*

r . r : r'	d' . l : d'	l .,s : m .,r	d . r : m . d	r . r : r'	d' . l : d'
Cutting ferns	on the cairns,	As I'm bidden	by my lover,	Here I stay	all the day,
Tha mi sgith	's mi leam fhin,	buain na rainich,	buain na rainich,	Tha mi sgith	's mi leam fhin,
(Ha mee skee	smee lem heen,	booa na rainich,	booa na rainich,	Ha ma skee	smee lem heen)

l .,s : m . l	r : r	l .,s : m .,r	d . r : m . d	l .,s : m . r	m : s
sad at heart and wea - ry ;		If my lover	could discov - er	that I'm here so	drea - ry,
buain na rainich, daon - nan ;		Cul an tomain,	braigh an tomain,	cul an tomain	bhoidheach,
(booa na rainich dao - nan,		Coo lan doman	braee an doman,	coo lan doman	vo - yach

l .,s : m . r	d . r : m . d'	l .,s : m . l	r : r
Could he leave me, sad & grieving		and ne'er come to cheer	me ?
Cul an tomain, braigh an tomain,		h-uile lath' am	ao - nar.
Coo lan doman, braee an domain,		hoola lla am	ao - nar.)

Sweet around is the sound
Of the birds upon the branches,
And this brae, now so gay,
Tender thoughts awaken;
Often thither, through the heather,
And the bonnie brackens,
Did we use to stray together,
Though I'm now forsaken.
Tha mi sgith, &c.

Cutting ferns on the cairns,
Where we tripped our fairy dances,
In the bright, moonlight night,
Or the peaceful gloaming.
Do they mourn me? Do they scorn me?
Do my fairy comrades
Ever yearn for my returning
From my weary roaming?
Tha mi sgith, &c.

Here I moan all alone,
Sick and weary cutting brackens,
There a bright fairy sprite
Ever singing gaily;
If my dearie were but near me,
And could hear my wailing,
He would cheer me, but I fear me
That my strength is failing.
Tha mi sgith, &c.

Gaelic words old, and attributed to a fairy sweetheart (leannan-sith); English words by L. Macbean.

GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.

WE WILL UP AND MARCH AWAY.

Key G. *With animation.*

s .,l : s .,f | m .f : s	r .,m : f .,m | r .m : f	s .,l : s .,f | m .f : s
m .,f : m .,r | d .r : m	s_1 .,s_1 : s_1 .,s_1 | s_1 .s_1 : s_1	m .,f : m .,r | d .r : m
d .,d : d .,d | d .d : d	t_1 .,d : r .,d | t_1 .d : r	d .,d : d .,d | d .d : d
d_1 .,d_1 : d_1 .,d_1 | d_1 .d : d_1	s_1 .,s_1 : s_1 .,s_1 | s_1 .s_1 : s_1	d .,d : d .,d | d .d : d
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor,	Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor,	Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor,
We will up and march away,	Heeding not what others say,	We will up and march a - way.

Fine.

d .,r : m .d | r : d	m .d : d .,r | m .d : m	f .r : r .,m | f .r : f
d .,d : d .d | t_1 : d		
m .,f : s .m | f : m		
s_1 .,s_1 : s_1 .s_1 | s_1 : d		
Ole no math le each e.	Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,	Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,
And we'll never mind them.	We don't mind the MacIntyres,	Lowland churls, or Saxon squires,

D. C.

m .d : d .,r | m .d : m,s.— | d .,r : m .,d | r : d ‖
Ole no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir, 'S bodaich mhaol a lag - ain.
We don't mind the MacIntyres, Or their boors behind them.

Diridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich,
Tearnaidh sinn le gleann nan laogh;
'S cha 'n eil fear de luchd-nam-braosg
Nach leag sinn gaoir a mhaileid!
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Gu Mac-'ic-Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bi'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh,
'S Fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar miann,
Ole no math le cach siod!
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Cloinn-a-Phearsoin—feachd nam buadh,
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath,
'S mairg an dream do'n nochd iad fuath
'N uair dh 'eireas gruaim nam blar orr'?
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

We will climb the heath-clad ben
And descend the shady glen;
Woe betide the cowards then,
If we can but find them.
We will up, &c.

To Glengarry and Lochiel,
Men who ever sought our weal,
Keppoch too so true and leal,
Honest, brave, and kindly!
We will up, &c.

We shall have Macpherson's men,
And the brave Mackenzies then,
Down from every Highland glen
Loyal clans are winding.
We will up, &c.

Words old, communicated to the *Gael* by "Nether-Lochaber;" translation by L. Macbean.

ORAN MU'N BHAS.

A Song of Death.

Key A. *Slowly.*

: d .d	s_1 : l_1 : d	r : — : f	s : m : d	r : — : s	m : r : d	l_1 : —
'Se mo	bheachd ort a	Bhais	Gur	brais' thu ri	pairt,	'S gur	teachd-air-e	laid -
An	cog - adh na'm	bhàr	Cha	toir - ear do	shàr,	'S aon	duin - e	cha'n fhàir
O	Death, I must	hold	Thee	heartless and	cold,	Too	mighty	and bold
In	peace or in	fight,	Thou	showest thy	might,	And	none can	by flight

D. C.

: f_1 .f_1	s_1 : — : —	d : —	m	f : m : f	s : — : s	l : s : m	r : —
ir	tréun	thu.	Ach	's teachdair ro	dhan'	Thu	tighinn	os	aird,
do	threig -	sinn.							
to be	toyed	with.							
a -	void	thee.	A	messen - ger	drear,	No	pit - y	or	fear

: d	f : m : f	s : — : f	m : — : —	s : — : s	l : s : m	s : —
Oir	mailidh tu	stat - aibh	's deir -	cean,	Cha	bhacar le	pris
Saves	peasant or	peer	be - fore	thee,	No	gold we	may	pay

: m	r : m : d	r : — : s	m : r : d	l_1 : — : f_1	s_1 : — : —	d : —
Air	t-ais thu a	ris	'S tu	dh'easbhuidh an	aoin	mu'n	teid	thu.
Can	keep thee a -	way,	How - ev - er	we	may	im -	plore	thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
A mach bho na bhroinn,
Mu's faic iad an soilis air eigin;
Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
Dol an coinneamh an oig,
Mu'm faodar am posadh eigheachd;
Ma's beag no ma's mor,
Ma's sean no ma's og,
Ma's cleachdadh dhuinn coir no eucoir:
Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
Is anail 'n ar sroin,
Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

A Chumhachd a tha
Cur ugainn a bhais,
Gu'n teagamh nach paighear fheich da,
Tha misneach is bonn
Aig neach a tha 'n geall
Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
Oir 's Athair do chlann
A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
'S fear-taighe do'n bhantraich fein e;
'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
A bheir gu neo-ghann,
Na thoilleas sinn anns a chreutair.

The babe at its birth,
Ere sorrow or mirth
It knows upon earth, thou takest;
And for the fair maid,
About to be wed,
An eeriesome bed thou makest.
If youthful or hoar,
If rich or if poor,
If dissolute or decorous,
If small or if great,
Whatever our state,
We have the same fate before us.

O, Power by whom
Our sorrowful doom
Of Death and the Tomb is ordered
How happy is he
Who pleads full and free,
The promise by Thee accorded.
Our Father Thou art,
The widow's sure part,
Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her;
All things are bestowed,
All favour is shewed,
To us by our God and Maker.

By Rob Donn Mackay; translation by L. Macbean.

IORRAM NA H-IMRICH CHUAIN.

The Emigration Lament.

Key F. *Tenderly.*

: d	d : r	: m	m : —	: s	r : d	: r	m : —
Chaidh	sin - ne	gu	traigh,	A	choimhid -	eachd	chaich,
We've	gone to	the	shore	With	those who	no	more

: d	l_1 : d	: l_1	s_1 : —	: d	m : r	: —	d : —
Cha	till iad	gu	brath	An	taobh		so;
Shall	see their	own	isle	For	ev -		er;

: s	l : d^1 : l	s : —	: m	r : d : l	s : —
Long	iar - uinn	fo'm	bonn,	A'	ba - dradh	nan	tonn,
The	ship's now	their	home,	Through	white cur -	ling	foam

: d	l_1 : d	: l_1	s_1 : —	: s	m : r	: —	d : —
Tha	feadh - ainn	a'm	fonn	'S cuid	tuirs	-	each.
They	speed, some	in	joy,	Some	weep	-	ing.

Clann bheaga ri gàir,
A' mhàthair fo phràimh :
Fir mhòr' ann an sàs,
'S iad ciùrrte.
Fras-shileadh nan deur,
Gu tosdach, ach geur :
A' sealltuinn 'n an dèigh,
Le cùram.

Iad féin dol an iar,
'S an talamh dol siar ;
Cha 'n fhaicear leo sian
Ach Mùirneag !
Seall ! Mùirneag dol uap'
I dol fodha 's a' chuan ;
Fir is mnài gun tuar,
'G a h-ionndrain.

See, childhood's glad eye
But list, woman's sigh !
Ev'n manhood's stout heart
Is breaking.
Hot streaming tears flow,
Now silent, in woe,
They're looking behind
In sorrow.

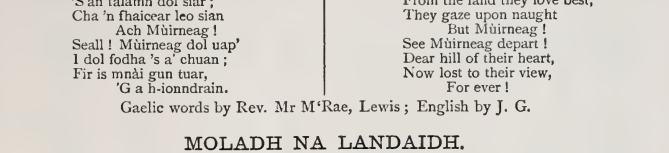
Still sailing on west,
From the land they love best,
They gaze upon naught
But Mùirneag !
See Mùirneag depart !
Dear hill of their heart,
Now lost to their view,
For ever !

Gaelic words by Rev. Mr M'Rae, Lewis ; English by J. G.

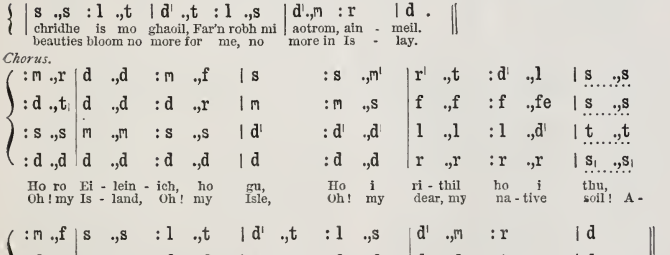
MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

Key C.



Chorus.



'S ged tha 'n Landaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh' eireas oirre 'ghrian ;
Innis nam ba-laoigh 's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann bhi thall ann.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich
Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh ;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc leam a nuas,
A's coileach ruadh an dranndainn.
Ho ro, &c.

O ! mo ghaol air lle 'n fheoir,
Far an d' fhuair mi m' arach og ;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean coir—
Bu toil leo ceol a's dannsadh.
Ho ro, &c.

There eagles rise on soaring wing,
And herons watch the gushing spring ;
And heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.
Oh ! my Island, &c.

Though Islay's shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.
Oh ! my Island, &c.

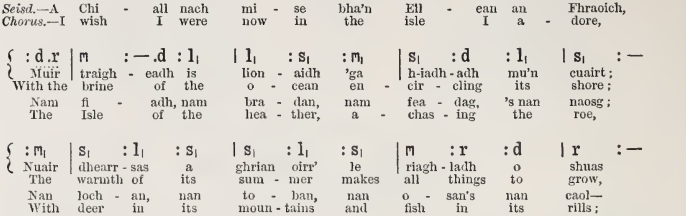
O my Island ! O my Isle !
O my dear, my native soil !
From thee no scene my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.
Oh ! my Island, &c.

Name of author unknown.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

The Isle of the Heather.

Key B flat. *Boldly.*



An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh ;
'S e Eilean a's ailt' air 'n do dhealbraich a ghrian ;
'S e Eilean mo ghraidhs' e ; bha Ghailig ann riamh,
'S cha 'n fhaibh i gu brath as gu 'n traigh an Cuan Siar !

This dearest of isles is so fertile and fair
That no other island may with it compare ;
Here Gaelic was spoken in ages gone by,
And here it will live till the ocean runs dry.

'N am eiridh na greine air a shleibhtibh bi'dh ceo,
Bi'dh bhanarach ghuanach 's a bhuarach 'n a dorn
Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i 'g nallach nam bo,
'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceol.

At dawning of day, when there's mist on the hill,
The milk maids go skipping by fountain and rill,
When milking the cattle, they raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes the chorus prolong.

Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bi'dh sunnt air gach sprèidh ;
Bi'dh chuthag is foun oirr' ri oran di fein ;
Bi'dh uiseag air lon agus smeorach air geig,
'S air cnuic ghlas' is lointean uain oga ri leum.

The notes of the cuckoo are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe on the sweet-scented spray :
The lark and the mavis pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows are sprightly at play.

Gach duine bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,
Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann cha 'n iarr as gu brath ;
Gach ian theid air sgiath ann bu mhiann leis ann tamh ;
'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi cliathadh ri thraigh.

The man who is born in this isle of the main
Would not leave it for honour, for title, or gain,
The birds here that wander they leave it no more,
And the fish of the sea linger close by its shore.

Nam faighinn mo dhurachd 's e luiginn bhi og,
'S gun ghnothach aig aois rium fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhi beo ;
Bhi am bhuachaill air airidh fo shail nam beann mor
Far am faighinn an cais' 's balnne blath air son ol.

Could I get my wish, and be once more a boy,
I'd thither return and its pleasures enjoy,
A shepherd, to wander o'er heather-clad hills,
And drink a cool draught from its bright fountain rills.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's boidhch'
Na ghrian a dol sios air taobh siar Eilean Leoghais ;
Crodh-laoigh anns an luachair, 's am buachaill' 'n an toir,
G' an tional gu airidh le al de laoigh og'.

There ne'er was a picture more lovely to see
Than the sun as he sinks in the blue western sea ;
When homeward the cattle are wending their way,
And all things are still at the close of the day.

Air feasgar a gheamhraidh theid tionndadh gu gnìomh
Ri toirt eolais do chlann bi'dh gach seann duine liath;
Gach iasgair le shnathaid ri caradh a lion,
Gach nighean ri caradh 's a mathair ri sniomh.

In the long winter evenings we sit by the fire,
And the children are taught by their hoary-hair'd sire,
A story is told as our fish nets we darn,
While the maidens, with distaff, are spinning the yarn.

B'e mo mhiann bhi's na badan 's 'na chleachd mi bhi og,
Ri direadh nan creag anns an neadaich na h-eoin ;
O'n thainig mi Ghlascho tha m' aigneadh fo bhron,
'S mi call mo chuid claistneachd le glagraich nan ord.

If I had my wish I would sail o'er the main,
And return to the Isle of the Heather again ;
Since coming to Glasgow I've always been sad,
And the clanging of hammers is driving me mad.

Words by M. Macleod, Govan ; translation by H. Whyte, Glasgow.

EALAIDH GHAOIL.

A Melody of Love.

Key D. *Lively.*

:d	.d	r	:r	.m	r	:m	.s	l	:s	.l	r				
Gur		gi	- le	mo	lean	- nan	na'n	eal'	air	an	t-snam				
Not the		swan	on	the	lake,	or	the	foam	on	the	shore				
Luinneag.—Air		fail	- lir	- in,	il	- lir	- in,	uil	- lir	- in,	o,				
Chorus.—Air		fal	- yer	- in,	eel	- yer	- in,	ool	- yer	- in,	o,				
:m	.f	s	:m	.r	d	:m	.f	s	:m	.r	d				
Na															
Can com	-	pare	with	the	charms	of	the	maid	I	a	- dore.				
Air		fail	- lir	- in,	il	- lir	- in,	uil	- lir	- in,	o,				
Air		fal	- yer	- in,	eel	- yer	- in,	ool	- yer	- in,	o.				
:d	.d	s	:s	.m	s	:s	.s	l	:d'	.d'	r'				
Na'm															
Not so		blath	- bhain	- ne	buai	- le,	's a	chuach	leis	fo	bharr,				
		white	is	the	new	milk	that	flows	o'er	the	pail,				
Air		fail	- lir	- in,	il	- lir	- in,	uil	- lir	- in,	o,				
Air		fal	- yer	- in,	eel	- yer	- in,	ool	- yer	- in,	o,				
											D. C. for Chorus.				
:l	.t	d'	:t	.l	s	:l	.d'	l,s	.—	:f	„m	r			
No															
Or the		sneachd	nan	gleann	dos	- rach	'g a	fhrois	- eadh	mu'n	bhlar.				
		snow	that	is	shower'd	from	the	brow	of	the	vale.				
Gu'r		boi	- dheach	an	co	- nunn	tha'n	comh	- nuidh	'n t-Srathmhoir.					
For		king	- dom,	and	friend	- ship,	and	bon	- nie	Strath	- more.				

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh ;
Tha gruaidh mar an ros
Nuair a's boidhche bhios fhiamh
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Mar Bhenus a boisgeadh
Thar coilltibh nan ard,
Tha miog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh.
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach aigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phramh.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeorach,
Feadh lointean an druchd,
Toirt failte le'n oran
Do'n og-mhaduinn chiuin ;
Ach bi'dh 'n uiseag neo-sheolta,
'S an smeorach gun sunnd,
Nuair a thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciuil.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
A ceol leis a chuaich ;
'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn
A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,
A mairan ri m' luaidh.

As the clouds yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow ;
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

Like the planet of Venus,
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.

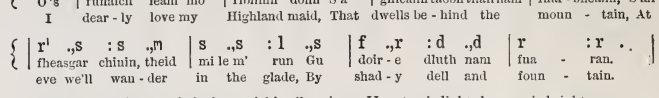
The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn ;
But the mavis is tuneless—
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers.
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.

The chorus and the first verse of the Gaelic words are the composition of Mrs Mackenzie of Balone, while the rest of the Gaelic and the whole of the English are by the late Mr Ewen Maclachlan.

AN RIBHINN DONN.

THE HIGHLAND MAID.



'S i 's aotruim' ceum, 's is dearrsaich' suil,
'S a gair tha caomh is caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhomhs' mar sholas ciuil
'S mi falbh nan stuc 's an oidhche.

A ciabhan fainneach 's aillidh sgeimh
'S a braighe 's gle-gheal boidheach,
Fo osna cleibh ag eiridh seimh
Mar fhaoillinn bhain air Lochaidh.

A cridhe aobhach 's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang air surd an reidhlein,
Ach caomh is tlath mar bhlath fo dhruchd,
'S fo mhaise chiuin a Cheitein.

Ged gheibhinn lu-chuirt 's crun an Righ,
A d' iunnais dhiobhrainn coir orr';
'S tu bhean 's a bhan-righ bheirinn leam
Gu tamh aig bonn nam mor-bheann.

Her step is light, her eye is bright,
Her smile is sweet and tender,
Her voice, like music heard at night,
Oft cheers me to remember.

Her hair around her shoulders flows
With graceful waving motion,
Her snow-white bosom heaving goes
Like sea-gull on the ocean.

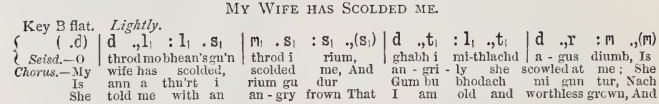
Her heart, though light, is ever true,
Of nature's own adorning;
Her lips, like roses wet with dew,
Upon a summer morning.

Though in a palace I had been,
With wealth and honour laden,
I'd rather live with thee, my queen,
My own sweet Highland maiden.

Gaelic words by Rev. A. M'Intyre; translation by Henry Whyte.

THROD MO BHEAN.

MY WIFE HAS SCOLDED ME.



"Dh-fhag thu mise 'n cas gu leor
Leis a ghradh a thug thu 'n phoit,
'S cha-n aithreach leat mar tha mo sheol,
Ged tha mi bronach, bochduinneach.
O, throd mo bhean, &c.

Dh-ol thu, mhoisein, dh-ol thu bho
Bha 'gar beathachadh gach lo—
'S gur math mur ol thu phaidhir bhrog
A th' air do spogan rosadach.
O, throd mo bhean, &c.

Clos cha-n fhaigh mi feadh na h-oich',
'S mi 'nam chruban, lan de dh-oillt
Gun tachdar thu, le d' bhruchdail roic,
'S tu air do shoichd 's an ospadaich.
O, throd mo bhean, &c.

Och nan och! gur mis' tha truagh:
B' fhearr gun robh mi anns an uaigh,
Na bhi posda riut, a thruail,
A dhuine shuaraich, shocharaich!"
O, throd mo bhean, &c.

"Your drunken ways have brought me low,
The helpless love of drink you show,
You do not care a straw although
You know I'm brought to poverty."
My wife, &c.

"You've drunk, you brute, you've drunk the cow
That kept us all in food till now,
"Twill be a miracle I trow,
If you don't drink the brogues you wear."
My wife, &c.

"I never can get rest at night,
But crouch beside you full of fright,
You groan and snore with all your might,
And gasp and choke and snore again."
My wife, &c.

"Och nan och! how much I rue
That I should wed a thing like you,
I would prefer, indeed I do,
Beneath the churchyard mould to be."
My wife, &c.

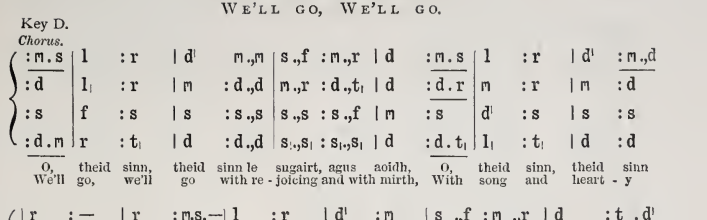
Gaelic words said to be by John Dingwall; translation by L. Macbean.

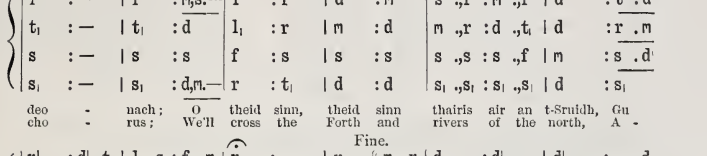
THEID SINN.

We'll go, We'll go.

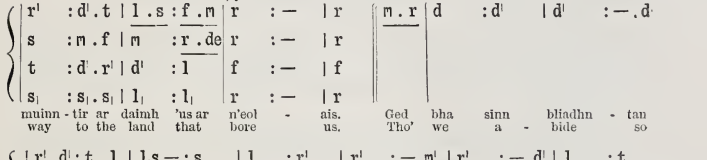
Key D.

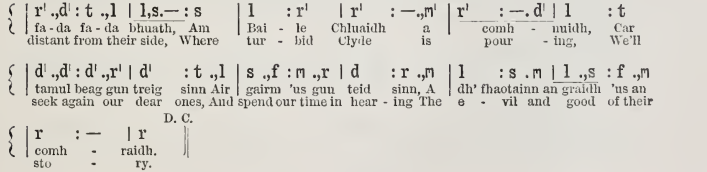
Chorus.

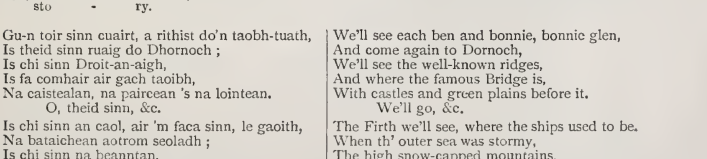




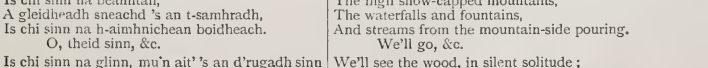
Fine.







D. C.



Gu-n toir sinn cuairt, a rithist do'n taobh-tuath,
Is theid sinn ruaig do Dhornoch ;
Is chi sinn Droit-an-aigh,
Is fa comhair air gach taoibh,
Na caistealan, na pairean 's na lointean.
O, theid sinn, &c.

Is chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,
Na bataichean aotrom seoladh ;
Is chi sinn na beanntan,
A gleidheadh sneachd 's an t-samhradh,
Is chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.
O, theid sinn, &c.

Is chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn
'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach ;
Is chi sinn na coilltean,
Le aighear is toil-inntinn
'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn a smeorach,
O, theid sinn, &c.

We'll see each ben and bonnie, bonnie glen,
And come again to Dornoch,
We'll see the well-known ridges,
And where the famous Bridge is,
With castles and green plains before it.
We'll go, &c.

The Firth we'll see, where the ships used to be.
When th' outer sea was stormy,
The high snow-capped mountains,
The waterfalls and fountains,
And streams from the mountain-side pouring.
We'll go, &c.

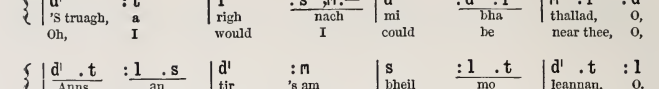
We'll see the wood, in silent solitude ;
The vale that we were born in ;
We'll see the bonnie brae,
And the dells we used to play in,
In childhood's gay young morning.
We'll go, &c.

Gaelic words by the late John Munro, Glasgow ; translation by L. Macbean.

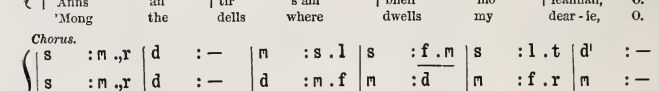
ORAN IRTEACH.

St. Kilda Song.

Key C.



Chorus.



Anns an tir 'sam bheil mo leannan, O,
Tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nam bealaichean.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

'Mong the dells where dwells my dearie O,
Land of bens and glens so cheery O.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nam bealaichean,
Eoin air geig is feidh 's an langanaich.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

Land of bens and glens so cheery O,
Where gay birds and herds of deer are seen.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Eoin air geig is feidh 's an langanaich
Far am biodh na h-uaislean do'n dual a bhi barrasach.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

Where gay birds and herds of deer are seen,
Land which bore of yore such fearless men.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Far am biodh na h-uaislean do'n dual a bhi barrasach ;
Rachadh do'n bhlar 'n coinneamh namhad mar dhealanach.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

Land which bore of yore such fearless men,
Which could show the foe such heroes then.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Rachadh do'n bhlar 'n coinneamh namhad mar dhealanach ;
Bha mo leannan fhein ann 's gur beusach fearail e.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

Which could show the foe such heroes then,
And which reared him that I weary for.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Bha mo leannan fhein ann 's gur beusach fearail e.
'S truagh nach mi bha seoladh thairis leat.
Boch oirinn O, &c.

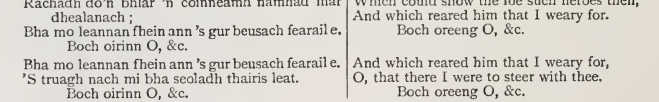
And which reared him that I weary for,
O, that there I were to steer with thee.
Boch oreeng O, &c.

Fragment of an old song ; translation by L. Macbean.

A DHOMHUILL BHIG, O HU, O HO!

My Little Donald.

Key G. *Moderato.*



Dh' fhag mi 'n nochd thu measg nan du-Ghall,
Ghabh mi fath nuair bha do chul rium ;
'S cinnteach leam gu'n dean thu 'm iunndrainn,
Mu'n tig duiseal cadail ort.
A Dhomhuill bhig, &c.

Dh' fhag mi 'n diugh thu fein 's do mhathair
As mo dheigh ro chianail craiteach,
Cruadhs na bliadhna 's cha 'ne 'n t-ailghios,
Chuir an traths do Shasunn mi.
A Dhomhuill bhig, &c.

Ach ged tha mi bochd 'n am chrannchur,
'S beag na th' agam fhein de fharmad
Ris na fleasgaich sheasga, bharr-chruaidh,
Ged robh sealbh air fearann ac'.
A Dhomhuill bhig, &c.

Fhad 's a gheibh mi biadh is aodach
'S comunn blath mo cheile ghaoil,
Le fiurain oga fas ri taobh,
Cha chuir an saoghal smalan orm.
A Dhomhuill bhig, &c.

When I slipt away this evening,
I was sorry to deceive thee ;
Ere thou goest to sleep 't will grieve thee,
That I'd leave thee playing there.
My little Donald, &c.

I have left thee with thy mother,
Sadly left you both together,
The hard fate that sent me hither,
Left no other way for me.
My little Donald, &c.

But however hard my fate is,
I don't envy any mateless,
Loveless-loon whate'er his state is,
Howe'er great or gay he be.
My little Donald, &c.

Need I care what may betide me,
While my wants are all provided,
With my loving wife beside me,
And my tidy Donald too?
My little Donald, &c.

Composed by D. M'Phail, Glasgow ; translation by L. Macbean.

MO RUN GEAL, DILEAS.

My Faithful Fair One.

Key E flat. *Slowly, with expression.*

(.d :m .s	d' :r' .d' :t .l	s :m .d :m .s	d' :r' .d' :t .s	l :—.
(Mo run geal	di - leas, di - leas,	di - leas, Mo run geal,	di - leas, nach till thu	nall?
My faithful	fair one, my own, my	rare one, Return my	fair one, O hear my	cry!

(.t :d' .f	m :s .m :r .d	r :m .s :d' .l	s :m .d :r .r	d :—.
(Cha till mi	fein, a' ghaol, cha'n	fhaod mi Oir tha mo	ghaol-sa 'na laidhe	tinn.
For thee, my	maiden, I'm sorrow	laden, Without my	fair one I'll pine and	die.

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn,
A shnamhadh aotrom air bharr nan tonn,
A's bheirinn sgriobag do 'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an ribhinn dh' fhag m' inntinn trom.
Mo run geal, &c.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha ceile,
Air mullach shleibhte nam beanntan mor,
'S gu'n bhi ga 'r n-eisdeachd ach eoin an t-sleibhe,
'S gu'n tugainn fein di na ceudan pog.
Mo run geal, &c.

Thug mi corr agus naoi miosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall ;
'S bean boidh'chead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn,
'S ged gheobhainn saor iad cha 'n fhanainn ann.
Mo run geal, &c.

Thug mi mios ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun duil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beo ;
B'e fath mo smaointinn a la 's a dh-oidhche
Gu'm faighinn faochadh a's tu bhi 'm choir.
Mo run geal, &c.

Cha bhi mi 'strith ris a chraoibh nach lub leam,
Ged chinneadh ubhlan air bharr gach geig ;
Mo shoraidh slan leat ma rinn thu m' fhagail,
Cha d' thainig traigh gun mhuir-lan 'n a deigh.
Mo run geal, &c.

Oh, could I be, love, in form of sea gull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding,
Is that sweet kind one I pine to see.
My faithful fair one, &c.

Oh, could we wander, where streams meander,
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime ;
Where birds would cheer us, and none would hear us,
I'd kiss my dear one and call her mine.
My faithful fair one, &c.

In foreign regions, I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie,
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.
My faithful fair one, &c.

In fevered anguish, when left to languish,
No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.
My faithful fair one, &c.

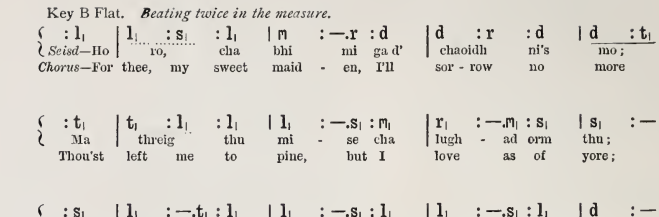
I won't contend with a tree that bends not,
Tho' on its tendrils rich fruits should grow,
If thou forsake me I won't upbraid thee,
The greatest ebb-tide brings fullest flow.
My faithful fair one, &c.

Author unknown ; translation by H. Whyte.

CHA BHI MI GA D' CHAOIDH.

I'LL SORROW NO MORE.

Key B Flat. *Beating twice in the measure.*



Thoir an t-soraidh, ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a chuain,
Far an d'fhag mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun ghruaim
'S gur cubhraidh' leam d'anail na'n caineal 'ga bhuain,
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

'S nuair rainig mi 'n cladach bha m'aigne fo phramh
A cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gradh,
'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Dimairt,
Gu'n deach mi 'n tigh-osda a dh-ol a deoch-slaint'.
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh fhein a bhi falbh,
A dh-ionnsaidh na luinge, le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le comhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na'm biodh agam botal gu'n cosdainn sud oirbh!
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

Ged theid mi'n bhal-danns' cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi te ann a ni samhladh do m'ghradh;
Nuair dhireas mi'n gleann bi'dh mi sealltainn an aird,
Ri duthaich nam beann, 's a bheil m'annsachd a tamh.
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha'n te tha mi sealg,
'S nuair chi mi an te sin tha m'eibhneas air falbh;
Mar ros air a mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgaineadh mo chridhe, cha'n innis mi h-ainm.
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

Oh, bear ye my greetings to her that I prize;
Far over the ocean between us that lies,
Her neatly arched eyebrows, unshaded by gloom.,
And breath like the fragrance of roses in bloom.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell!
Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?
When lost to my vision afar on the brine,
I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

Three times have I crossed to the ship as she lay,
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;
My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
They fear not the tempest, but laugh at its roar.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

No ball-room can tempt me, or raise my despair,
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountain I gaze o'er the tide,
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

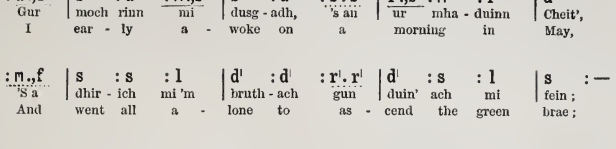
Not the peacock such beauty and gracefulness shows,
As the maiden whose presence would banish my woes;
She's fair as the lily, and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

Gaelic words attributed to Dr Maclachlan, Rahoy; English by Henry Whyte.

GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH.

I EARLY AWOKE.

Key D. *With expression.*



A direadh an aonaich ri aodann a chuiru,
'S binn torman a chaochain is aoibheile buirn ;
Le rois air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo'n druchd,
'S e ri dearrsadh na greine ag eiridh na smuid.

'S binn na h-eoin feadh nam preasan gu leadara seinn,
Tha 'n uiseag lan solais ri ceol os mo chionn ;
Na ba-laoigh anns a gheumnaich air an reidhlein ud thall
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S aluinn trusgan a ghlinne suas gu binnein nan stuchd,
'S cubhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuimnein mar thuis ;
Ged 's boidheach gach doire anns a choillidh 's a bhruchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho urail cha dnisg e mo shunnd.

An so air faobhar a mhullaich gur mulladach mi,
C'eann aobhair no thuraidh leam gu'r duilich ri inns' ;
Nach dirich mi tuille ri monadh 'san tir,
Nach dean mi cuis-ghaire 'n gleann aillidh mo chridh'.

Cha 'n 'eil gleannan cho aoibheil ri fhaotainn mu 'n cuairt,
Le d' bheanntainean arda cuir sgath ort o'n Tuath ;
Ann an dudlachd a gheamhraidh gun ghreann ort, gun fhuachd,
Mo sgaradh 's mo chradh lot a bhi d' fhagail cho luath.

Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g eiridh, 's bhi tearnadh o 'n aird ;
Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean eigheach dhomh stath,
Fench am bata fo comhdach aig comhnard na traigh,
Tha gu m' ghiulan null thairis a gleannan an aigh.

Bheir mi suil thar a bhealaich air na beannta, mu 'n cuairt,
So an sealladh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan a 's bruach ;
Fagail leibh beannachd, 'n am dealachaidh uaibh,
A tearnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smuaintean tha truagh.

As I climb up the moor on the face of the hill,
How pleasant the murmur that comes from the rill ;
The dew on the roses which border the stream
Arises in mist on the sun's morning beam.

O, sweet is the song of the birds from the glade ;
The thrush sings her carol of joy overhead ;
The cattle are lowing on yonder green plain,
And echo replies from the craggan again.

How lovely the garment of mountain and field,
How sweet is the fragrance the meadow flowers yield—
Though beauty and gladness deck forest and lea,
And the groves teem with joy, there is no joy for me.

Alone and sad-hearted, I sit on the peak,
Of the cause of my sorrow I scarcely can speak—
I never may tread on the moorlands again,
Nor roam with delight in my dearly loved glen.

No valley so cheerful and fair could be found,
So carefully guarded by mountains around ;
In winter, no tempest can enter thy dell—
My sorrowful doom is to bid thee farewell.

But it's time to descend from the mountain again
No singing or sighing can banish my pain ;
See, down by the shore is the boat under sail
Which shall bear me away from the beautiful vale.

I'll gaze from this ridge on the mountains, and view
For the last time each corrie and valley I knew ;
I leave you my blessing since I must depart,
I turn down the mountain, and sad is my heart.

The composition of the late Dr Maclachan, Rahoy ; translation by L. Macbean.

FEAR A BHATA.

THE BOATMAN.

Key E flat. *Slowly.*

(. r) : r .,m	f : d¹ .,l : l,s . f	m : m,s.(l) : l .,s	r : d . r : m .,r	r,d.— : l,
'Stric mi	seallduinn o'n chnoc a's	air - de, Dh'fheuch am	faic mi fear a	bhà - ta,
I climb the mountains, and scan the	o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de -	vo - tion,
Seisd.—Fhir a	bhà - ta, na ho - ro	ei - le,	Fhir a	bhà - ta, na ho - ro	ei - le,
Chorus.—O, my	boatman, na ho - ro	ai - la,	O, my	boatman, na ho - ro	ai - la,

D. C. for Chorus.

(. r) : r .,m	f : s . f : m . r	f : s .,(s) : l . d¹	r¹ : d¹ . l : l,s .m	r : r .
An tig thu'n	diugh no an tig thu	maireach? 'S mar tig thu	i - dir gur truagh a	ta mi!
When shall I	see thee? to-day? to -	morrow? Oh! do not	leave me in lonely	sor - row.
Fhir a	bhà - ta, na ho - ro	ei - le,	Gu ma	slan duit's gach ait' an	teid thu!
O, my	boatman, na ho - ro	ai - la,	Happy	be thou where'er thou	sail - est!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite ;
'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean ;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil rint ?
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich ?
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thù, na 'm bheil thu sàbhailt :
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sioda,
Gheall e sid agus breacan riomhach ;
Fain òir anns am faicinn iomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dì-chuimhn'.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughadaich sid mo ghaol ort ;
Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bi'dh mi ga d'fhoighneachd.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh ;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe ;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innscadh,
Gu'm feum mi d'aogas a chuir air dìchuimhn' ;
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh ;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's cach uile an deigh a tréigsinn.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish ;
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me ?
Or close the door sighing sad and weary ?
O, my boatman, &c.

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of or seen my lover ;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.
O, my boatman, &c.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance,
But, ah ! I fear me for his remembrance.
O, my boatman, &c.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee ;
And every night in my dreams I see thee,
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.
O, my boatman, &c.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion ;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.
O, my boatman, &c.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever
All thought of thee from my heart forever ;
Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.
O, my boatman, &c.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.
O, my boatman, &c.

Authoress unknown ; translation by L. Macbean.

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Oran Mulad
A thousand blessings on the lovely youth
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Ladhomh 's mi direadh Bealaich
Och o ro u
Macgregor of Rora's Lament
Laoidh ad Amadain Mhoir
Rinn M'eudail mo Mealladh
'Sfhuich an oidche nochg's gur fuar i
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I love a bonny lass
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